

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,  
As had he been encorps't and demy-Natur'd  
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,  
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was't?

*Kin.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Vpon my life Lamound.

*Kin.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,  
And Iemme of all our Nation.

*Kin.* Hee mad confession of you,  
And gaue you such a Masterly report,  
For Art and exercise in your defence;  
And for your Rapier most especially,  
That he cryed out, 't would be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you Sir. This report of his  
Did Hamlet so enuie with his Enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* Why out of this, my Lord?

*Kin.* *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*Kin.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,  
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:  
*Hamlet* comes backe: what would you vndertake,  
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th' Church.

*Kin.* No place indeed should murder Sancturize;  
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home:  
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,  
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe  
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,  
Requit him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doo't.

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:  
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,  
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*Kin.* Let's further thinke of this,  
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
'T were better not affaid; therefore this Proiect  
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,  
If this should blaft in prooffe: Soft, let me see  
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bowts more violent to the end,  
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him  
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queens*.

*Enter Queens.*

*Queen.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O where?

*Queen.* There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,  
That shewes his hore leaves in the glassie streame:  
There with fantastike Garlands did she come,  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayies, and long Purples,  
That liberrall Shepherds giue a grosser name;  
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds  
Clambring to hang; an enuious flouer broke,  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature Natue, and indued  
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,  
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas then, is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Opheelia*,  
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone  
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,  
I haue a speech of fire, thataine would blaze,  
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

*Kin.* Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?  
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;  
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Clown.* Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that  
willfully seekes her owne saluation?

*Other.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue  
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-  
stian buriall.

*Clow.* How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in  
her owne defence?

*Other.* Why 'tis found so.

*Clow.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for  
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-  
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an  
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe  
wittingly.

*Other.* Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

*Clown.* Giue me leaue; heere lies the water, good;  
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-  
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;  
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne  
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not  
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

*Other.* But is this law?

*Clow.* I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

*Other.*

*Other.* Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not  
been a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried  
out of Christian Buriall.

*Clow.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that  
great folke should haue countenance in this world to  
drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-  
an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,  
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp  
*Adams* Profession.

*Other.* Was he a Gentleman?

*Clow.* He was the first that euer bore Armes.

*Other.* Why he had none.

*Clow.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-  
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;  
could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another que-  
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-  
fesse thy selfe.

*Other.* Go too.

*Clow.* What is he that builds stronger then either the  
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

*Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a  
thousand Tenants.

*Clow.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes  
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those  
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is  
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes  
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

*Other.* Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-  
wright, or a Carpenter?

*Clow.* I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

*Other.* Marry, now I can tell.

*Clow.* Too't.

*Other.* Masse, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*

*Clow.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your  
dull Assle will not mend his pace with beating; and when  
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the  
Houles that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee  
to *Tauernhan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

*Sings.*

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,*

*me thought it was very sweete:*

*To contract O the time for a my behoues,*

*O me thought there was nothing meete.*

*Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that  
he sings at Graue-making?

*Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-  
sinesse.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Imployment hath  
the daintier sense.

*Clowne sings.*

*But Age with his stealing steps*

*hath caught me in his clutch:*

*And hath shipped me intill the Land,*

*as if I had neuer bene such.*

*Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing  
once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it  
were *Caines* Law-bone, that did the first murder: It  
might be the Parce of a Polititian which this Assle o're Of-  
fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-  
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this  
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such  
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

*Hor.* I, my Lord.

*Ham.* Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes,  
Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons  
Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to  
see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but  
to play at Loggess with 'em? mine ake to thinke  
on't.

*Clowne sings.*

*A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,*

*for and a shrowding-Sheete:*

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*

*for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* There's another: why might not that bee the  
Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his  
Quilllets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why  
doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about  
the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of  
his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's  
time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-  
nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:  
Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Reco-  
ueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his  
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-  
ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of  
Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will  
hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe  
haue no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a iot more, my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

*Hor.* I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu-  
rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's  
this Sir?

*Clow.* Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*

*for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

*Clow.* You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:  
for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:  
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou  
lyest.

*Clow.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me  
to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou digge it for?

*Clow.* For no man Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clow.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clow.* One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,  
shee's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake  
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the  
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,  
the Age is growne so pickt, that the toe of the Pesant  
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his  
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

*Clow.* Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day  
that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clow.* Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:  
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee  
that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into England?

*Clow.* Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his  
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.*